Kent in *Germany.*

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
The powers of the kingdome approch apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody, fare you well sir.

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought.

Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose holde,
Or whether since he is aduisd by ought
To change the course, he is full of alteration
And selfe-reprouing, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sisters man is certainly miscarried.

Bast. Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,
You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:
Tell me truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not loue my sister?

Bast. I honor'd loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my brothers way,
To the forefended place?

Bast. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtfull that you haue beene coiunct
And bosom'd with her, as farre as we call hers.

Bast. No by mine honor Madam.

Reg. I neuer shall endure her,
Deere my Lord be not familiar with her.

Bast. Feare me not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter Albany and Gonorill with troopes.

Gon. I had rather loose the battell
Then that sister should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very louing sister well be-met,
For this I heare the King is come to his daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest
I neuer yet was valiant: for this businesse

It toucheth vs, as France inuades our land
Not bolds the king, with others whom I feare,
Most iust and heauy causes make oppose.

Bast. Sir you speake nobly.

Regan. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together gainst the enemy,
For these domesticke doore particulars,
Are not to question heere.

Alb. Let vs then determine
With the Ancient of warre on our proceedings.

Bast. I shall attend you presently at your Tent.

Reg. Sister youle go with vs?

Gon. No.

Reg. Tis most conuenient, pray you go with vs.

Gon. O ho, I know the Riddle, I will go. *Exit*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with one so poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. Ile ouertake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the battell, ope this Letter,
If you haue victory let the trumpet sounde
For him that brought it, wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proone
What is auouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
Fortune loue you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it,
When time shall serue let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit*

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will looke ore the paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Hard is the guesse of their great strength and forces
By diligēt discouery, but your hast is now vrgd on you.